

The Chatham Record.

In Sun or Shade.
A fair boat lightly seeks the sea,
Whose waters blue are crystal white
The filling sails in buoyant glee
Are bearing forth into the light,
And like an angel's wings are bright,
From every earth-stain free.
Another tack, and, turned away,
The white sails, shadowed, are but dark;
So good deeds look like ill the day
That little slanders set their mark
Upon a life's fair sailing bark.
Headless as clouds at play,
But slanders are like shadows, all,
They shift, or pale and die;
'Now' ruder blame we need not fall,
'See' we unobtrusively
And light before the storm winds fly
At only duty's call.
—HELEN SMITH, in Independent.

BRADSHAW'S RUSE.

BY ALICE INER.

Bradshaw was jealous. There was no denying it. But what can you expect of a man who is very much in love, or at least thinks he is?
The mother of his charmer approved of him and had promised a friendly alliance, but the charmer herself remained neutral, which, you must admit, looked doubtful for the alliance, and especially for Bradshaw.

He was a well-meaning, well-conducted, industrious young man, who by strict attention to business had become the confidential clerk of Mr. Joseph W. Burphy, wholesale dealer in tea, coffee, spices, etc., a liberal discount to the trade, etc.
"But I tell you I don't care for him," Miss Vera White spoke decidedly and looked straight into her mother's eyes.

"He's a young man of such nice, steady habits," remonstrated the mother.
"So am I," returned the daughter. "Seems to me it's a thing to be in earnest about. I should say he ought to be."
"But my dear, you let him come here."
"It's you who let him."
"But you talk with him and go out with him. I don't think you dislike Mr. Bradshaw."
"No, I don't."
"You'll throw over a man who'll make you a good husband and take up with some dashing, showy spendthrift yet."
"But, my dearest mother, the spendthrift hasn't even appeared. I ask to be taken up. No wine, the use of borrowing trouble. I don't want to get married anyway. I should have to fall in love first, you know. And, as I've got all that to go through with there's plenty of time."
"But, you know, dear, since the reduction in the rates of interest our income has grown so small I can scarcely make both ends meet. You need more than when you were little, and—and I don't know what to do. I hate to put a mortgage on the house."
"Oh you mustn't do that! I will get some work to do."

It was true there was very little to live upon. Mrs. White had been a widow for ten years. Vera was her only child, and at 19 was unsophisticated in the ways of the world as many girls are at 12.
It was settled she should learn typewriting. After she had mastered it the next thing was to find something to do. Here Mr. Bradshaw came to the rescue and got her a place in Mr. Burphy's private office. Of course he didn't want them to lose the home he had had his eye on it for some time. His desk was in Mr. Burphy's office and it was an admirable arrangement.
"You know," he said to the widow, "they call Mr. Burphy a crank. To be sure he is an old bachelor and has stuck so closely to business all his life that it has made him a little gruff and peculiar. But if any one could be with him as I have been and could see the real tenor of his character, the good he does in a quiet way, and the strict, fine integrity of the man, they'd know, as I do, that he's one in ten thousand. Oh, I'll look after Miss Vera; she'll be all right, I assure you."

So Vera went to work. The next day after she began she made some mistake in a dictation, and Mr. Burphy spoke sharply to her. The tears rushed to her eyes, but she choked them back and said quietly: "I shall try faithfully to do what you wish. If I make too many mistakes and don't suit, you have on you to send me away."
There was something in the independence of the answer that caused him to think twice about her. He studied her furtively and found the study interesting. She attended strictly to business and he saw that she was intelligent and reliable.
After a time Mr. Bradshaw made an unpleasant discovery. He believed Miss Vera was in love with her employer. The signs were to him un-

mistakable. It was here that he became jealous.
Besides his own feelings in the matter he felt that he must save a young innocent girl from wrecking her happiness on a man, who, he believed, cared no more for her than the lodger on his desk.
So he resolved on a bold step. He went to Mr. Burphy and told him he had reason to believe Miss White was in love with him, and for her sake something ought to be done to cure the infatuation.
Mr. Burphy looked positively stunned, but he agreed to do his best in any plan Mr. Bradshaw might suggest.

"Suppose you dictate a letter to a young woman showing your admiration, etc. How would that do?"
"Excellent—excellent!" cried Mr. Burphy.

Accordingly, the next day, after Miss White took her dictations, her employer in a rather embarrassed manner gave her this:
"My dear Miss (you can leave the name blank) Will you ask your mother if I may have the privilege of calling at your home? I am anxiously awaiting your reply. Faithfully yours,
JOSEPH W. BURPHY."

Somehow there were so many mistakes in the letter she had to make the second draft, and that with all her labor she actually saw her fingers tremble.
"I will address it myself," he said, taking it from her.
"Beautiful!" chuckled Bradshaw to himself, seeing how finely his plan worked.
The next day there was another letter to be written to the same woman.
"I love you," it said. "I want to see you my wife. If you care for me, that I may come to your house to-morrow evening."
The time the typewriter made worse mistakes than before, and complained of feeling ill, and asked to go home a little before the time.

As she rose to put on her wraps Mr. Burphy sent Bradshaw out of the room for something.
"Will you please mail these letters for me?" he said, handing her two.
"And—and I wish you'd see if I've addressed them right."
She looked at them, then at him in a dazed way.
"Why, they're addressed to me!"
"Yes," said Burphy shortly. "Number right? Please open them and see, too, if the contents are correct?"
"Good heavens! Was it a dismissal?"
She opened the envelopes with trembling finger and a faint heart.
"Why, Mr. Burphy," she said, it's a mistake. These are the letters I wrote to that lady."
"No mistake at all. Quite correct," replied that businesslike individual very brusquely. "Will you have the kindness to give me my answer?"
"You may come tomorrow evening," she said, and ran out of the office.

"How did it work?" asked Mr. Bradshaw when he came back.
"I'm afraid not just as you expected," replied the proprietor, with his back to him.
Bradshaw thought so when he got the wedding cards.—New York Advertiser.

Africa Needs Railways.

The Paris Figaro publishes an account of an interview which its London correspondent has had with Mr. H. M. Stanley on the subject of African colonization. Mr. Stanley is represented to have said in the course of the interview:
"The future of Africa belongs to those who shall the moment and the quietest on the simple truth that what is wanted is railways to bring travelers back in three days from the Western Sudan to Algeria. The construction of such railways would not cost more than \$5,000 per kilometer, and with some Transvaal as an advance guard the Europeans would have the working part of Africa. When you have 1,200 miles of navigable waterway on the Niger—that is to say, almost the entire coast-line of that great river—then you will have ivory, copal, skins, gold, India rubber, etc. There is indeed, as great a wealth of resources in Africa as in France, as has been proved by the results obtained since 1825 by the English in the South, where gold, diamonds, and the rest today bring England no \$2,000,000 a year.
"Why," Mr. Stanley is reported to have continued, "has France still done nothing with the Niger, although you have many French explorers in its vicinity? The French are very good explorers, and thanks to them, you know perfectly the topography of the country. But how many years will it be before you know what there is underneath? Surely, there is gold, surely there is coal, perhaps diamonds,

but they have to be sought for. Today the French may despise the Sudan, but the Sudan is for them the means of arriving at the Niger basin, which is a marvelous garden provided with a very luxuriant vegetation, and filled with charming spots watered by countless tributaries, which will pour into the great river which is yours the immense wealth of their banks."
In conclusion Mr. Stanley is reported to have said: "The French are still engaged in the policy of annexation. Explorers are always on the move, but the time has now come to set to work. You have established a military station at Timbuctoo, but that is an isolated post connected with no point of the French colony. The river is waiting for the steamboat, and the country for its railway. Without them all these conquests of yours will remain barren."

An Irish Mud Cabin.

It consists of two rooms and possibly a small semi-detached outhouse which is used as a store-room for portable articles. There is not a clink in the walls or thatch save a narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose; the doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf-reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools standing for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

The mud floor is always more or less wet from the pattering of the children's bare feet or from the animals which have free access to the house. At night there is a goodly company within the walls of this spacious mansion. In the inside room there are two or three box beds or bunks, where the children sleep, according to their age and sex; from nine to twelve is not an uncommon number in a family. In the state berth in the eathlog, or recess at the side of the hearth, the father and mother repose untroubled from the live stock of the farm, and breathe the same atmosphere as some eight quadrupeds beside the poultry. Pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, and probably a horse or donkey, have their bed spaces, respectively, and jealously resent any encroachment by a bedfellow.

Astonishing as it may appear, there are hardly any disagreeable odors. The overpowering smell of the peat smoke evidently acts as a complete disinfectant, and fortunately it is innoxious to the inhabitants of the hovel. Equally astonishing is the fact that the whole community are in comparative harmony, and even the babies rarely cry. There is plenty of occupation for all the family who are able and willing to work, the mother doing little else but nurse the youngest infant.—Corahill Magazine.

His New Straw Hat.

The friends of Billy McHale, who is popular with the bankers and brokers along Third street, are having a quiet laugh at that young man's expense. One of McHale's friends, while passing a hat store during one of last week's scorching hot days, noticed him inside negotiating for the purchase of a straw hat. Now, Billy is particularly tidy in his dress, and he is most people possessing that characteristic, is somewhat sensitive regarding adverse criticism. Knowing this, the waggish friend determined to play a practical joke. Despite the broiling hot sun the joker visited twenty or thirty of Billy's friends in different parts of the city and related the fact of the purchase of the hat. He then arranged to have McHale at a certain resort that evening, and instructed all the friends to drop in on him at a time, and remark in an off-hand way: "That's a nice hat you've got, Billy, but it's too old for you. That shape was intended for a man 50 years old." Billy started in to explain to the first six or eight friends; that he was tired of Hippant straw hats, as they made one look so gray; then he swore at the salesman, but finally, when twenty-five friends had criticized the new headpiece, Billy grew irritated and bearing the unlucky hat from his head, he dashed it to the floor, and with a wild yell jumped upon it. "There's the hat, take it, keep it, and you can all go to thunder!" The next day Billy appeared in his old hat.—Philadelphia Record.

They Come High.

She (singing)—I here we were married you need to bring me early every time you come.
He (briskly)—Yes, my dear, and it cost a good deal less than the meat and potatoes I bring you now.—New York Weekly.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PLEASANT DAYS.
Now the little stars on high
Light their candles in the sky,
And the blossoms whisper low,
That to rest, 'tis time to go,
Hear the angels' voices sing,
Who all day say—sing—sing,
Call to her friends, "Come out to see us,
There are no little boys about."
Go to sleep, my little one,
One more happy day is done,
Baby dear, good night, good night,
Angels watch thee till the light.
Little bread on the loaf,
Little bread in the loaf,
Little bread in the loaf,
Little bread in the loaf,
All of the above generally,
So should thou, my baby dear,
Mother holds thee, never fear.
Go to sleep, my little one,
One more happy day is done,
Baby dear, good night, good night,
Angels watch thee till the light.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

TWO SIDES OF THE STORY.

A certain rector, who occasionally compares the movements of his pupils with the work of a mated swan in their business days, lately felt the rector's disapproval.
"Now, John, have you solved the problem?" asked the teacher the other day.
"No, sir," replied the boy. "I can't."
"How old are you, John?"
"Sixteen," was the answer.
"Sixteen?" repeated the rector.
"Sixteen, and can't solve a simple problem like that? Why, sir, at your age, George Washington was surveying the city of Lord Fairfax."
The pupil looked thoughtful, but made no reply.
After the class was dismissed a classmate inquired of him if Washington ever did anything else remarkable when he was sixteen.
"I don't know," responded the boy.
"He was a surveyor when he was as old as I am, and when he was as old as my teacher he was president of the United States."

A CLOCK THAT RUNS A PICTURE.

A thing to rival the seven wonders of the world, if not in size and elaborateness, at least in ingenuity and variety, is a clock that represents wind-up ones in 100 years. Nor is it a modern piece of mechanism. Such a horological curiosity, actually in existence and is now in the possession of M. Perin, who lives in Ivey-sur-Seine, France. Nearly a decade ago he bought it of a farmer, who had inherited it of his father. Neither the latter or his son could tell how it came to be an heirloom in the peasant family.
Expert clockmen claim that it is the work of some inventive genius of the period of Henry II. For some mysterious reason all imitations thus far attempted have been failures. The original is a sort of water clock, not, however, in the accepted sense of the term.

It is made in the shape of a narrow upright chest. In its front sits a cylinder suspended on stout cords. The cylinder turns on its axis as it moves up and down and indicates the time on the two face boards, on the one the hour and on the other the half and quarter hours. When the cylinder is on top then all the cord is twisted around it, and in proportion to the rapidity of its descent the cord is unwound.
It takes the cylinder just thirty-six hours to make the round trip, eight hours each way, the movement maintaining perfect regularity. It is thus that the points of the axis are made to serve as correct time indicators.

What puzzle the investigator most is how it is made possible for the unwound cylinder when it has arrived at the bottom to again wind the cord around itself and to draw up the cord to the top.
It existed with this power of regular movements by a very complicated system of small water-filled reservoirs, with which it is connected, and which serve as propelling power. The reservoir moving up and down of the cylinder keeps up a constant change of the center of gravity. The receiving tubes are so constituted that only a measured quantity of water is admitted into the reservoirs, and the same precaution is taken at the outlets. It has been calculated that the cords wear out in a little more than 100 years, and that once enough collects in the buckets to require cleaning or replacement after the same length of time.—Atlanta Constitution.

At Eighty-four Years of Age Captain Jonathan Pinkham of Bath, Me., is still in active service as a pilot, and claims to be the oldest one in New England.

HEROIC WOMEN.

Feminine Lighthouse Keepers in the United States.

Sailors Honor Janet Malby for Saving Six Lives.

The duties of a lighthouse keeper are usually and correctly assumed to be of not only an arduous, but often exceedingly dangerous character, and such a duty of extraordinary performance by men. But as women are not infrequently found in other positions of great trust and responsibility, so too, there are not a few of them in this service.
As a rule their occupations are light and pleasant, but sometimes they have been required to perform duties which the strongest man would shrink at in the case of Ida Wilson-Lewis, keeper of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, Newport, Rhode Island. At the risk of her own life she has repeatedly braved the elements, and has, by her own unaided exertions, succeeded in rescuing eleven persons. Money of no great value for such services has always been denied, only the medals presented her by the life-saving corps having been accepted.

These she always wears, each one reminding her of the life it represents—the life which owes its present existence to her. Mrs. Wilson-Lewis said to be passionately fond of water, being an excellent swimmer and skilful outdoorswoman.

Since 1878 has Nancy Rose faithfully fulfilled her duties as lighthouse keeper in Sandy Point Lighthouse, on the Hudson River. Though no doubt a brave and noble woman as Mrs. Wilson-Lewis, no such opportunities for lifesaving have come to Nancy Rose; but her power of endurance has been tested and proven. On one occasion, during a dense fog, she remained for fifty-six hours at her post in the cold tower of the lighthouse, ringing the fog-bell at regular intervals of half an hour. Here she remained, half frozen and without food, until the fog had disappeared.

Five lives have been saved by the prompt and courageous actions of Mrs. Blake, lighthouse keeper for the past twenty years at Robbin's Reef, off Tompkinsville, New York Harbor.
From the tip of the steep rock, Elk Neck, in Chesapeake Bay, rises the slender tower of the lighthouse bearing the name of the rock. Here Janet Malby has for years attended to her duties as lighthouse keeper. And arduous these duties have been at times, too. During a terrible north-east gale, and wind storm in February, 1894, when the waves dashed furiously against the lighthouse, threatening to tear it from its very foundation, Janet Malby, ever on the alert, saw in a trail boat six men struggling in the angry waters some distance from the rock. Headless of the terrible risk she ran by venturing out in such a storm, she pushed her own boat out from the rock, seized the oars, and finally succeeded in reaching and rescuing the entire party.

Janet Malby is very popular among the fishermen on Caspawake Bay, who manifest their regard for her by saluting her with the flag each time they sail by her home. And well they may thus honor her, for many a fisherman has been harbored in her comfortable home during a storm, especially the autumn gales.

Far out from the coast of California, in Point Pinos Lighthouse, is stationed as keeper Mrs. Reynolds. Here she has lived entirely alone for eight or ten years, seeing no living soul year in and year out save the captain who brings her the necessaries of life and oil for the lighthouse lamp, and occasionally the fire department. She attends to all her duties conscientiously, and her record for all these years has been a satisfactory one. She is said to be a most successful woman.

Other Women who have become noted for their heroism, bravery, self-sacrifice and energy displayed in the capacity of lighthouse keepers in the United States are Mary J. Harworth, Blue Point Lighthouse; Annetta C. Bailey, Point Lighthouse, Conn.; Edna M. Cashin, Elbow Beach Lighthouse, Newark Bay, New Jersey; Catharine A. Murdoch, Round Point Lighthouse, Hudson River, and Serena C. Russell, Rock Landing Lighthouse, Conn.

A female lighthouse keeper receives from \$600 to \$800 a year, besides free dwelling, coal and oil.

Citizen's leagues for the protection of children and drunks—originated in Chicago. Now they are to be found everywhere.

Incubation Period of Diseases.

The Clinical Society of London, wishing to establish a period of incubation for various diseases, instituted a series of investigations with the following results:
Diphtheria—In this disease the incubation period does not as a rule exceed four days and is more often two days. It may also extend to five, six and seven days. The infection may take place at any time in the course of the disease. Mild cases may spread it.
Typhoid Fever—This may vary within wide limits, twelve to fourteen days, but not infrequently it is less. As the disease is usually introduced into the system by food and drink, it is not carried from one person to another, but several may get it from the same source. Contaminated water and milk is the usual cause.
Epidemic influenza or "Grippe"—The shortest incubation period in this disease is from a few hours to three or four days. It generally strikes suddenly and without warning. A patient may carry infection throughout the whole course of the disease.
Measles—The incubation period is usually normally short. It is counted from the date of exposure, which depends on the disease.
Mumps—The incubation period of mumps is rather long, from one to two weeks, and the chances of infection diminish daily.
Rubella, Rotheln or German Measles—This is a long incubation period like ordinary measles, and its intensity diminishes in a day or two after the rash appears.
Variola or Smallpox—The incubation period of this disease is from one to three days.
Varicella, or chickenpox, has a period of incubation similarly longer than variola. Scientific American.

Sea and Sand.

See how the ocean lips the shore
With kisses salt and cold?
The sand a silver silence keeps,
Not heeds her lover bold.
He loves her, but he loves her not,
This colder for her heart;
He comes forever and a day,
He comes but to depart.
Forever comes, forever goes,
This woman, waiting now,
From our hearts the sand and silt slips
Innocent as a lover.
No knot can tie the sea to shore,
No love link form a chain,
The waves ride up and say good-bye,
They kiss and part again.
—New York Recorder.

HUMOROUS.

Two heads are better than one in a dime-a-day race.
Becoming a lion breeds a good deal of does not follow that she's never cheerful.
It is no use trying to thwart a coal dealer. He will always have his weight.
"All the world loves a lover," and derives considerable amusement from him, too.
"You next door neighbor" appears to have had a great many times.
"Just twenty-four times. The next will be his silver handmaiden."
"You remember Danby's new picture that he went about prancing to the street?" "Yes." "Well, that was where they committed him to."
"You remember Danby's new picture that he went about prancing to the street?" "Yes." "Well, that was where they committed him to."
"Oh, mamma, teacher says we're going to study dissonant fractions for tomorrow!" exclaimed Willie, to whom dissonant fractions were unknown.
Why didn't you, Willie?
Well, at the school at the thought,
I must know to make it sound.
It is no work to do.
A—Why do you always prefix the word "dear" to your letters? I see you don't keep your correspondents, R—No, but I am rather deficient in spelling.
Doctor—The bicycle gives people the best exercise in the world. Patient—(By a look) I can't afford to ride a bicycle. Doctor—O, you don't need to ride one.

Farming on Two Acres.

A noteworthy example of extensive farming is that of Mr. E. Seglar, McKean Co., Pa., who supports himself, a wife and five children on two acres of land. They have a neat little cottage, and the land times have not exhausted them nearly as much as many a family dependent upon shop trade. Mr. Seglar is a carpenter by trade, and before opening up his little farm, he built his house at odd times, while working at his trade. From the first he has recognized the necessity of securing quality rather than quantity from his labor and land if it would make it pay. Quality is his specialty and he has made it as much as 300 per cent in a season. He practices a rotation which includes grass, usually leaving enough to keep one horse in hay. He understands the secret of getting two crops in one year from the same soil and his only hindrance has been lack of rain. Now, however, he has bought a boiler and steam pump and expects to control his water supply. Such pluck and energy ought to receive the victor's wreath. Whatever else he lacks he is not taxed for opportunity of useless territory, and wastes no time and strength traversing poor and large fields. He sometimes has as many as 75 loads of stable manure on half an acre. There is a valuable lesson in this for most farmers who have too much land, too little manure, and spend an excessive part of their budget as a consequence. American Agriculturist.

Anthrax in Human Beings.

Some extraordinary statements as to the ravages of anthrax, and the attributes of the Bacillus anthracis, were made at a recent meeting of the Antiseptic Society, London. The disease broke out on the farm of a Mr. Warren, at Ardsley, and not only the cattle but human beings and all kinds of animals were attacked. The farmer and sixteen men were ill at one time, the man dying at the Leicester Infirmary. A woman in passing the plague-ridden spot was struck by a fly and died from anthrax. Cows, dogs and birds in the neighborhood also died.—Scientific American.

Her Remedy for Rheumatism.

A lady writes in Market Thursday who used to have rheumatism dreadfully. I asked her about it and she said she hadn't felt a twinge for a long time. She had an infallible remedy for the disease. I begged to know it and she took me into a corner. Then she tapped her belt significantly.
"It is this," she said, when you see she unhooked it and handed it to me. It was an ordinary black silk affair with a great silver buckle. The virtue of it lay in the lining, and what do you think it was? Nothing in the world but the cast-off skin of a snake, and she declares it is infallible.—Washington Post.

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With kisses salt and cold?
The sand a silver silence keeps,
Not heeds her lover bold.
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